

OVER \$1,000 A YEAR AND "LIVING."

That is the Story of a Michigan Farmer Who Lives in Western Canada.

Olds, Alberta, Dec. 10, 1906.
Mr. M. V. Melanes, Detroit, Michigan:
Dear Sir and Friend—It will be four years next May since I came to Olds, and have lived here ever since.

Since I came here wheat has run from 25 to 45 bu. per acre, oats from 65 to 115, that I know of. I raised that last year, 115 bu. to the acre of the finest oats I ever saw, and oats that I sowed 31st day of May this year went 72½ to the acre and weighed 41 lbs. to the bushel. My barley went 40 bu. last year and 50 this year, and was not sown until the latter part of May. I had 3 acres of potatoes this year and sold 700 bushels and put 275 bu. in the cellar, and no bugs to pick.

We have a fine Government Creamery at Olds. Our cows made \$41 per head and I didn't feed any grain; only prairie hay, so you see we are doing well. We have the patent for our homestead now and am very thankful that we came to Alberta. We have made a little over \$1,000 each year besides making our living. I would not go back to Michigan to live for anything. If I had my choice of a ticket to Olds or a 40-acre farm in Michigan I would take the ticket and in two years I could buy any of them 40-acre farms. This is the country for a poor man, as well as a man with money.

I will close, thanking you for our property. I remain yours truly,
(Signed) OTTO YETTING,
Olds, Alberta, Canada. Box 159.

Information as to how to secure low rates to the free grant lands of Western Canada can be secured of any Canadian Government agents.

Democratic Danish Statesman.

The Danish minister of agriculture, Ole Hansen, is one of the most popular and democratic of the public men of his country. His daughter, desiring to learn practical housekeeping, decided, with her father's consent, to start at the bottom of the ladder. Therefore, she went to Berlin and took a position as cook at a modest stipend at the home of a small government employee. Her employer for a long time had no suspicion that the cook was a daughter of a minister of state.

In a Pinch, Use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

A powder. It cures painful, smarting, nervous feet and ingrowing nails. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Makes new shoes easy. A certain cure for sweating feet. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Accept no substitute. Trial package, FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

World's Gold Production.
The world's production of gold is still growing. In 1905 it was about \$375,000,000; in 1906, about \$400,000,000.

A Natural Remedy—Garfield Tea! It is made of simple herbs. Take it for constipation, indigestion, sick-headache; it regulates the liver, purifies the blood, brings Good Health.

To be weak is often, in the end, to be wicked.—Holmes Lee.

TWO YEARS IN BED

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Stubborn Rheumatism When Other Treatment Gave No Relief.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been curing the most stubborn cases of rheumatism for nearly a generation and thousands of grateful patients have given testimony that cannot be ignored.

Mr. Robert Odert, a machinist, living at 201 Cameron Street, Detroit, Mich., had a very distressing experience with rheumatism for about two years. He makes the following statement: "About the year 1887 I felt the effects of rheumatism which gradually grew worse until I was compelled to give up work for a time. The years of '97 and '98 I was confined to my bed most of the time. I was under doctors' treatment but found no relief. My legs were swollen from the hips downward and red blotches appeared all over them. Frequently they pained me so that I had to bind them tightly with strips of linen. This sometimes relieved the pain but at other times failed to do so. At times I had to crawl to my work, using two crutches. During these spells I suffered greatly from pain around my heart which I attributed to the rheumatism.

"At last my mother wrote me and asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did so in a short time I found myself getting better and have had no trouble since. I may here add that I consider myself perfectly cured. I have not had the least sign of the disease since and feel better now than I ever did. For these reasons I recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to any one affected the same as I was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Positively cured by these Little Liver Pills. They also relieve Biliousness from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature of Dr. J. C. Carter. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

THE SKIN PURSE

By LUCY A. DREW

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Doubtless readers of the daily papers recall the mysterious death of Jack Varney, which occurred three years ago. Although the mystery of his death has never been solved and never can be, I, the only person who knows the subsequent events which led up to his death, have decided to disclose my knowledge to the public.

I came to know Jack Varney through an advertisement which he had inserted in the Herald. He wanted a cheerful, congenial companion. So I, being at that time out of employment, answered the advertisement.

I found him a big, clean type of young American manhood; but I didn't like the expression of his face. His eyes were continually shifting and peering around beside and behind him as if in fear, and there were dark circles under the lower lids that told of sleepless nights. However, there was something in the man that awoke my curiosity and interest, so I decided to accept the position of companion, if I suited.

After a little conversation he said he was certain that I would be perfectly satisfactory; but before he engaged me he wanted to tell me something of himself and the reason why he had advertised for a companion.

It seemed that he was a medical student, and somewhat of a collector of curios of different kinds. In his capacity of collector he had obtained after much trouble, a piece of human skin, from which he had taken a purse made. The skin had been taken from the left hip of one of their most interesting subjects, an old Hindoo, who had been found dead in the streets, and whose body had been left unclaimed.

From the time that the purse had been made Jack Varney's life had been haunted. He lived in constant dread of some unknown evil. He had the sensation of being followed by an unseen being. His sleep was uneasy, broken by horrible dreams. His very soul seemed to be possessed by some evil spirit.

I thought he might be mentally deranged, but I humored his delusions and assured him that I was not afraid to accompany him anywhere to be with him at all times. So I was engaged.

For a week he seemed to improve. He slept well and lost the deep circles around his eyes, and I felt assured that he had only been afflicted with some mild form of insomnia. Then the troubles began again, worse than before.

We were at dinner at a downtown cafe, when the attack came upon him. We were discussing some event of the day, when suddenly his eyes dilated and that wild, hunted look returned to his face.

"Look!" he gasped, hoarsely. "Can you see anyone behind my chair? That same feeling comes back to me—the sensation of some one close to me! I almost feel some one's breath on my neck!"

"Why, there is no one there," I assured him. "Your imagination is running away with you tonight. You have probably got a bad attack of indigestion," I added, jokingly. But he was ill at ease during the remainder of the evening.

That night he did not sleep, but walked the floor insisting that he felt some unseen presence in the room. At times he would tremble violently, and half cry out, saying that some one had touched his arm. At last I, influenced by his terror, could almost feel the presence. But I did not admit this to him.

The next morning, while at his bath, he discovered that the skin on his left hip for a space of about four or five inches in diameter was badly discolored, and it seemed then a remarkable coincidence that this spot was the exact location from which the skin for the purse had been taken from the Hindoo's body.

Varney was almost paralyzed with terror. In vain I tried to quiet his fears by telling him that it was only a flesh bruise which would be gone in a few days; he would not listen to me, and the wild glitter in his eyes increased.

The following day the discoloration had become of a dark purplish hue. Though I knew that medical science could not explain that peculiar spot, I called in a physician, thinking that this would at least prevent my own fear from becoming apparent to Varney.

I had a talk with the physician myself before I took him to see my patient, and I told him the unnatural circumstances, asking him to treat the matter in an apparently light manner in Varney's presence, and to tell him that the discoloration was a flesh bruise, as I had done.

However, in spite of his assurances, Varney shook his head.

"No, doctor, you don't understand. You can't feel what I feel, and you can't see what I see—there is a fiendish, haunting presence that follows me day and night. Sometimes I feel the touch of a cold, bony hand on my shoulder, and sometimes I see a dim figure—Oh, God! there it is now—behold you! It is making frightful grimaces at me! For God's sake, can't you see it, doctor?"

Varney sank onto the bed, unconscious from fright. As soon as he became conscious the doctor administered a sedative which put him into a sound sleep.

When he awoke his terror had left him. He was in a more nearly normal condition than he had been since I had first known him.

Toward evening his eyes regained their frightened glitter and he began that continuous peering around the room.

He insisted upon my occupying his bed with him that night, and it was not until after two o'clock that I was able to get to sleep. Varney had been unusually talkative, but his conversation had taken such a morbid and depressing turn that it was with difficulty that I could quiet my nerves enough to sleep. He had talked chiefly of death, the various ways of meeting it, and he had dwelt upon the unusual and horrible.

At last I fell asleep, and it seemed that I had only closed my eyes when I was awakened by the sensation of feeling that some one was in the room! Near! Bending over the bed! I sat up with a start and looked around. The room was dark. I reached over to turn on the electric light. As I did this my other hand pressed against Varney. How still and cold he seemed! Then I turned the switch and flooded the room with light! God! the sight that met my eyes! I can see it yet. There lay Jack Varney, dead! His eyes were wide open, glittering, awesome, horrible! His features were distorted with terror, as if he died in mute agony, his hands clenched.

As if in a trance, I threw back the covering on the bed, and examined the body. It was perfectly free from any marks of violence, except that on the left hip where the discolored spot had been, the skin had been cut away, neatly, as if with a sharp instrument. The skin around the spot had been left clean and white. Not a drop of blood had been shed!

The room was undisturbed, the windows and doors locked as they had been left the night before. The hands of the clock pointed to 3:30.

Again I turned to the bed, but a sense of giddiness filled my head, my vision blurred—then—

The next thing that I remember was a hospital bed, and a nurse bending over me. I had been very ill with brain fever, for six weeks, she told me.

In the meantime the mysterious death or murder of Jack Varney had been baffling the keenest scientists and the cleverest detectives of the country; but the mystery has never been solved and it never can be. It is beyond human investigation.

ADVICE EASY TO GIVE.

"Don't Worry," Say the Fortunate Ones to Those Afflicted.

"Oh, well, don't worry," said the well-groomed, well-nourished six-foot specimen of manliness, as he snuggled more comfortably into his fur-lined coat. The weary, hungry-looking little woman beside him shivered and shrank closer into the corner as some one entered the car from the front end, letting an extra blast waft through.

"Don't worry, you'll get along all right—ten dollars a week's a lot of money these days, and the friend of former and more prosperous years lifted his hat gallantly and got off the car.

The rich always look indulgently and complacently upon those who are making a desperate struggle for mere existence and feel they have encouraged them by giving advice and calling attention to their own blessed state of physical comfort and well-being.

"Don't worry" is a cheerful admonition to the consumptive with a family dependent on his meager clerk's salary. "Don't worry" is very comforting to the frail woman trying to support herself and perhaps another on \$10 a week. "Don't worry" is grateful consolation to each of the thousands who are bound to the millstones of toil for long hours, day after day, week after week, month after month, for a pittance all inadequate to the cost of living.

"Don't worry," said the fur-coated one, who doubtless often spent as much for one dinner as the woman received for a week's salary; while the woman, in her thin, shabby black, gazed intently from the car window several big tears rolled silently down her wan little face and splashed into her lap.

A Ghostly Warning.
A strange story is being told in connection with the death of Samuel Hughes, a salt merchant of Blackwood, England, whose body was found beneath the railway bridge at Crumlin.

His wife, who was sitting up alone, states that at the time of the accident early in the morning, she heard a loud voice calling, "Bess, Bess!" She opened the door and saw a tall figure in black clothes and wearing a silk hat. In a minute it disappeared and she went outside, but could not see any one.

Female Martyr.

The Friend—If your married life is so unhappy why don't you get a divorce from your husband?

"Unhappy Wife"—Because he would then marry some other woman and make her unhappy.—Chicago Daily News.

STAYS CURED.

Old Friends Praise Dr. David Kennedy's Remedy, the Best Kidney and Liver Medicine.

Mr. F. Christie, of 14 Swan street, Albany, N. Y., in 1886 was a very sick man. He suffered from a most aggravated case of dyspepsia. He gave Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy a thorough trial and it cured him absolutely. In 1906 (20 years after), Mr. Christie says he still remains well in health. His cure in 1886 was a permanent one. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is not a secret or "patent" medicine. List of ingredients given on request. Successful for 31 years. Makes permanent cures.

FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE.

Write Dr. David Kennedy's Sons, Rondout, N. Y., for free sample bottle and booklet containing much valuable medical advice. Large bottles \$1.00, at all druggists. Mention this paper when you write.

Nervy Reggie.

"Look here, young man," thundered the old gentleman as he came down the stairway three steps at a leap. "Didn't I tell you if ever I caught you around here again I would play football with you?"

"Yes, sir, I think you did," replied the calm youth.

"And yet you have the cheek to call again?"

"Oh, yes, sir. You see football is now out of season."

DURING THIS MONTH.

Excellent Advice Which Our Readers Will Benefit By.

Now is the time to get the rheumatic poisons and foul acids from the blood and system, states an eminent authority, who says that Rheumatism and Kidney trouble are caused by the blood, which often becomes sour from excessive acids, and also tells what to do to make it pure and healthy.

Get from any good prescription pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Mix by shaking in a bottle and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime.

Just try this simple blood cleaner and tonic at the first sign of Rheumatism, or if your back aches or you feel that the Kidneys are not acting right. Any one can easily prepare this mixture at home.

CLAIMS TO CURE ALL ILLS.

Scotch Minister Announces Discovery of Remarkable Germicide.

A claim of an astounding nature is put forward by a minister whose field of work lies within the bounds of the city of Glasgow, Scotland. He has discovered a germicide by the application of which he can cure every kind of infectious, loathsome, and incurable disease, even when considered, humanly speaking, hopeless. He has demonstrated to his own satisfaction that hospitals for infectious diseases are quite unnecessary, and that surgical operations except on the battlefield or in railway or other accidents, are totally uncalled for. No operation is needed, according to him, for appendicitis, for example, as it can be perfectly well cured by the germicide. The discoverer of the germicide has published a list of the names of 50 patients, with their addresses, whom he says he has cured, or is in process of curing, even in some cases, after they had received their "death warrant" from medical practitioners.

Dog's Claim to Honor.
When Capt. Ronald Amundsen left San Francisco for the east he made special and particular arrangements for the transportation of his dog, of which he said: "This faithful dog, which is attached to me almost as much as I am to him, is the only one of his kind to have made the north-west passage."

GOOD NATURED AGAIN.

Good Humor Returns with Change to Proper Food.

"For many years I was a constant sufferer from indigestion and nervousness amounting almost to prostration," writes a Montana man.

"My blood was impoverished, the vision was blurred and weak, with moving spots before my eyes. This was a steady daily condition. I grew ill-tempered, and eventually got so nervous I could not keep my books posted, nor handle accounts satisfactorily. I can't describe my sufferings.

"Nothing I ate agreed with me, till one day I happened to notice Grape-Nuts in a grocery store and bought a package, out of curiosity to know what it was.

"I liked the food from the very first, eating it with cream, and now I buy it by the case and use it daily. I soon found that Grape-Nuts food was supplying brain and nerve force as nothing in the drug line ever had done or could do.

"It wasn't long before I was restored to health, comfort and happiness. Through the use of Grape-Nuts food my digestion had been restored, my nerves are steady once more, my eyesight is good again, my mental faculties are clear and acute, and I have become so good-natured that my friends are truly astonished at the change. I feel younger and better than I have for 20 years. No amount of money would induce me to surrender what I have gained through the use of Grape-Nuts food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The road to Wellville," in pkgs.

MAN OF DELICATE NERVES.

Rosenthal, the Pianist, Made Much Trouble in Hotel.

Rosenthal, the pianist, is one of those entitled to have his crankiness termed "the eccentricities of genius," says the San Francisco Chronicle. When he inspected his rooms at the Majestic upon his arrival very late the other night, he went softly to the adjoining doors, and placing his ears close to the cracks, exclaimed in broken English: "Zgood, no sounds pass thence." After nodding his approval of the grand piano and the furniture he frowned at the tan-colored window shades. "Must be green," he was assured that a change would be made especially for him the new day.

At five o'clock in the morning, Rosenthal, clad only in his pajamas, came scurrying excitedly down stairs and into the office, where the drowsy night clerk was nodding at the desk.

"Ze street cars! Noise! Must stopped! Nervous me! I cannot sleep."

The clerk hurriedly sent for Manager Gustav Mann, and Mann spent two hours telling Rosenthal funny stories in German trying to divert his mind while the clerk was upstairs squaring the management for waking a guest on the Gough street side and ordering him to move at once to the Sutter street side as a gas pipe had burst under the floor and had to be repaired!

FIFTEEN YEARS OF ECZEMA.

Terrible Itching Prevented Sleep—Hands, Arms and Legs Affected—Curticura Cured in 6 Days.

"I had eczema nearly fifteen years. The affected parts were my hands, arms and legs. They were the worst in the winter time, and were always itchy, and I could not keep from scratching them. I had to keep both hands bandaged all the time, and at night I would have to scratch though the bandages as the itching was so severe, and at times I would have to tear everything off my hands to scratch the skin. I could not rest or sleep. I had several physicians treat me but they could not give me a permanent cure nor even could they stop the itching. After using the Cuticura Soap, one box of Cuticura Ointment and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent for about six days the itching had ceased, and now the sores have disappeared, and I never felt better in my life than I do now. Edward Worrell, Band 30th U. S. Infantry, Fort Crook, Nebraska."

There is always room for a man of force, and he makes room for many.

There is some good, even in those who appear at the worst.

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PE-RU-NA A MEDICAL COMPOUND

In any medical compound as much depends upon the manner in which it is compounded as upon the ingredients used.

First, there must be a due proportion of the ingredients. Each drug in the pharmacopeia has its special action. To combine any drug with other drugs that have slightly different action, the combination must be made with strict reference to the use for which the compound is intended. The drugs may be well selected as to their efficacy, but the compound ENTIRELY SPOILED BY THE PROPORTION in which they are combined.

It takes years and years of experience to discover this proportion. There is no law of chemistry, of pharmacy, by which the exact balance of proportion can be determined. EXPERIENCE IS THE ONLY GUIDE.

In compounding a catarrh remedy Dr. Hartman has had many years' experience. In the use of the various ingredients which compose the catarrh remedy, Peruna, he has learned, little by little, how to harmonize the action of each ingredient, how to combine them into a stable compound, how to arrange them into such nice proportions as to blend the taste, the operation and the chemical peculiarities of each several ingredient in order to produce a pharmaceutical product beyond the criticism of doctors, pharmacists or chemists.

WE REPEAT, THAT AS MUCH DEPENDS ON THE WAY IN WHICH THE DRUGS ARE COMBINED AS DEPENDS UPON THE DRUGS THEMSELVES.

The compound must present a stability which is not affected by changes of temperature, not affected by exposure to the air, not affected by age. It must be so combined that it will remain just the same whether used in the logging or mining camps of the northwest or the coffee plantations of the tropics.

A complete list of the ingredients of Peruna would not enable any druggist or physician to reproduce Peruna. It is the skill and sagacity by which these ingredients are brought together that give Peruna much of its peculiar claims as an efficacious catarrh remedy.

However much virtue each ingredient of Peruna may possess, the value of the compound depends largely upon the manner and proportion in which they are combined. The right ingredients, put together rightly, is the only way a medical compound can be made of real value.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3.00 AND \$3.50 SHOES

W. L. DOUGLAS \$4.00 GILT EDGE SHOES CANNOT BE EQUALLED AT ANY PRICE.

SHOES FOR EVERYBODY AT ALL PRICES:

Men's Shoes, \$5 to \$12.50. Boys' Shoes, \$3 to \$12.50. Women's

Shoes, \$4 to \$12.50. Misses' & Children's Shoes, \$2.35 to \$1.00.

W. L. Douglas shoes are recognized by expert judges of footwear to be the best in style, fit and wear produced in this country. Each

part of the shoe and every detail of the making is looked after and watched over by skilled shoemakers, without regard to time or cost. If I could take you into my large factories at

Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other makes.

W. L. Douglas name and figure is stamped on the bottom, which protects the wearer against cheap imitations and inferior shoes. Push a pin through the sole, and you will find the name and figure stamped on the bottom.

Pat. U. S. Pat. 1,234,567. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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